

DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL.

NO. 601

VOL. XXXI.

RENO, WASHOE COUNTY, NEVADA, FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1889.

PITTSBURG'S CRUSOE.

A CASTAWAY WHO SPENT FOUR YEARS WITH A RACE OF GIANTS.

Dan McIntyre is the Only Survivor of a Vessel Wrecked on a Coral Reef—He Spends Four and a Half Years on an Island and is Recently Treated.

Mr. Dan F. McIntyre has had some remarkable experiences on the sea. He has spent a good part of his life whaling in the South Pacific seas. Mr. McIntyre's ship was once wrecked on a coral reef, and he was the only man of the crew who was saved. His companions were washed up on the rocky beach of the Marquesas Islands and killed. Mr. McIntyre still bears an ugly scar over his right eye that he received during the wreck, and when he came to his senses, he found himself lying on the rocky shore with a group of natives bending over him. Here he remained for four and a half years, the only white man on the island, when he was picked up by a French man-of-war. Relating his experience, he said:

"The Marquesas group on which I found myself consisted of sixteen islands, twelve of which are inhabited. The greatest distance between any of them is about forty miles. The natives, away back in those times, passed from one island to the other in big canoes and small sail boats. During certain seasons of the year the Pacific was stormy, but the natives were well acquainted with the weather, and knew when to venture. The islands are located in latitude 9 degs. south of the equator.

"The people belong to the Malay class, having dark, straight hair and swarthy complexions. Like the Fiji Islanders, they are very tall and muscular, plenty of them measuring seven feet in height. I never, before or since, saw such powerful fellows. They had a few small canoes, and live, like the Samoans, on the fruits of the islands, that grow in abundance without much cultivation. Wild hogs and sea fowls were the only game to be hunted; in fact, there were no other animals on the islands. The natives spent most of their time in taking life easy, occasionally hunting and fishing.

THE KING'S PET.

"My life for four and a half years among these people was pleasant, taking it all together. The first six months I could scarcely endure it. If I had been imprisoned in a cell I could not have led a more miserable existence. Day after day I climbed the highest mountains, and sat for hours scanning the horizon, looking for a sail, but none appeared. The people were friendly, and tried to console me in their uncouth way. I appreciated their kindness, and, after a while, learned enough of their language to be able to converse with them.

"Life then became less unbearable, and I prepared myself to wait for a vessel to come along. The king of the island made me a namesake of his, and I lived with him for the first year. When I found I could not have to stay for some time, I built a house, and to amuse myself, I was in the habit of going into the forest and pulling up young orange and lemon trees to plant about my home.

"The king tattooed his name on my leg, which made me a privileged character, and equal to one of his relatives. If I broke any of their laws I was not punished, but the king would take care of me. In this respect I must say that I was greatly favored by all the natives. They have a vast deal of respect for a white man, and many of them envied my white skin.

"The natives on the different islands were hostile to each other, and most of the time were at war. The king would never allow me to mix up in any of their fights. He held me in too sacred a light. Once I was captured by a neighboring tribe. They knew by the tattoo on my leg that I belonged to their enemy, and they decided to tattoo me all over. They started on my lower limbs, but the pain was so great that I could scarcely stand it. It seems a strange French missionary had visited the island forty years before, and failing to Christianize the natives they left. One of the old men had learned from them to talk a little French, and in that language I begged him to go to my king and inform him of my plight. This he did, and my master made peace with his enemies and I was released. If they had disfigured my face I don't believe I should ever have come back to America.

"When the French ship came along I boarded it, and went with them to the island Oatitue, where a number of Europeans live. There I remained for two years before I returned to San Francisco. The French man-of-war was making soundings and surveys for the purpose of locating a naval station. Since then I have learned that they established a coaling station on the island where I spent four and a half years of my life."

THE BAMBOO PIPE LINE.

Mr. McIntyre's story of how he astonished the natives with an engineering feat on the Marquesas Island, where he was so long a castaway, is very good. They had, from time immemorial, been in the habit of carrying all their drinking water from springs away on an eminence in the back ground of the principal settlement. In that tropical climate this was quite a task, yet they could conceive of no way to improve upon it.

First convincing the king that he had a much better plan, McIntyre was granted the necessary assistance, and succeeded in constructing a sort of bamboo pipe line from the springs to the settlement, so that the natives thereafter got their drinking water without any labor whatever. It was a great scientific triumph to their notion.

When Mr. McIntyre came back to Pittsburgh he found it so greatly changed that the old familiar city was new to him. Finally, however, by diligent inquiry, he located his brother, a liquor dealer, in the eastern part of the city. One day he went out, ordered a glass of beer at his brother's bar, and, without making himself known, engaged in conversation with the gentleman.

"You had a brother Dan?" said he.

"Yes," was the reply. "But he was drowned in the Pacific Ocean—went down with his ship—a good many years ago."

"But," was the rejoinder of the returned Dan, "I met a fellow, not so very long ago, either, who claimed he had recently seen your brother Dan, and that Dan had a great story of how he had lived, a castaway for years, with savages on an island."

"Impossible! He's dead—poor Dan!"

"But do you think you'd know Dan if you saw him?"

"Yes, indeed! Add twenty years more to each of our lives and I'm sure I'd still be able to recognize my brother Dan, if I could only see him alive again, in any part of the world or under any circumstances."

"But years have already passed, and Dan has changed a good deal since you saw him," but I know him anyhow; sure as you're born."

"Well, then, John, I am Dan McIntyre, your brother, and I'm not drowned. Here I am; look at me closely and you'll see!"

Recognition really followed very soon, and the liquor dealer became a counter jumper and embraced the brother, wearily returning from an oceanic grave to life—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE "BLUE JEAN TRAMP."

Sad Romance of a Man Robbed of Intended Wife, Money and Reason.

During the debate in the house on the bill recently making a crime for a man to become a tramp, Mr. Nay, of Lebanon, rose in opposition to the measure, and in the illustration of his position alluded to a poor unfortunate in his vicinity, known as the "Blue Jean Tramp." It was merely a reference, but it awakened in the mind of a writer now connected with The Times a desire to know more of the story of the man, and subsequent inquiry has developed a story as thrilling as any that has been made public about the "Old Leather Man."

The story, as picked up from various sources, is as follows. Way back in the thirties there resided in a town in the northern part of this state a family of the name of Hicks, consisting of John Hicks, a wife, a daughter, Jennie, and Dwight, a son. The young children were given all the advantages possible in those times, for Hicks was a well-to-do farmer and not at all stingy. He was proud of his children, and nothing that money could buy was wanting to make their lives complete. There was one sorrow that disturbed the old man, however, and that was the envious nature of his daughter. She embodied the very picture of selfishness, "getting all you can and keeping all you get."

There was no charity, no generosity in her nature. She would take the belongings of her brother and without compunction appropriate them to her own use. Her brother, however, was almost diametrically opposite—free hearted and generous to a fault were the fundamental principles that underlay his nature. The wide divergence of the two was the cause of so much trouble between them. She grew to hate her brother with unnatural hatred, and he grew bitter and indignant, it was too happy a nature to acquire the aspect of more than forgetfulness.

In this way they grew to manhood and womanhood, and Jennie married the man of her choice. Then the father and mother died, leaving the two children equal portions in the estate. This galled the spirit of Jennie. Her avaricious nature could not be contented with half, but she wanted the whole. Then began a scheme which robbed her brother of three things—his intended wife, his money and his reason.

A year after the parents' death, Dwight became entangled of a pretty girl named Ida Arnold. She had been a resident of the town but a short time, and she reciprocated his affection. Now it happened that Dwight's sister had taken a violent dislike to Ida, and with apparent friendship, she whispered cruel words into her promised mate-in-law's ears. They bore fruit. Suspicious as most women, the vile slanders grew to contempt, and she renounced almost at the altar the man she had promised to love. Dwight, confounded and crazed, left the house. Drink was the solace for his sorrow, and into dissipation he plunged.

His sister, without compunction or fear, then began a systematic method to gain his wealth. His brain gradually rotted under the unceasing alcohol. Returning one day to the house of his sister with whom he had lived he was spurned from the door without a dollar in the world. What little of Dwight's reason remained was shattered and he left, a homeless man, without reason or money to sustain life, and left to the tender mercies of a cruel world. In his demented condition he began his tramp from door to door. For years he tramped, going over and over the same route until now he has become a regular caller in Lebanon, always wearing a blue jean jumper, which has won for him the sobriquet of the "Blue Jean Tramp." No one fears him, every one pities him, and he comes home to his sister. A few years ago she was thrown from a carriage and killed. Such is the story of the "Blue Jean Tramp," the clew to which fell from the lips of Mr. Nay, of Lebanon—Hartford Times.

Right of Way.

It is of course generally understood that all the interest that the public owns in the land over which our highways pass is simply the right of way. The land belongs, as it did before the road was located, to the several estates from which it was taken. If at any time the road is discontinued, the land goes back to those estates.

Fish as this principle is, there are curious questions of right arising from time to time. An interesting one came up in connection with fishing rights a few years ago. An English road had crossed a little stream by a ford from a time so early that no one knew the beginning of the usage.

In later years when fishing rights became valuable, the owners of land along the stream made private property of the ford. They laid a dam across the ford, however, belonged to the public as a thoroughfare. Could the traveler cast his line for a fish while passing through the water? Clearly this would be an act of trespass.

But this did not settle all the points at issue before the public yielded. A bridge was built over the stream just below the ford. No longer did the ford belong to the private owner, but, however, he obtained. People continued to drive through the stream, to the serious injury of the fishing rights above and below.

Naturally the owners of the land tried to prevent travel through the water. It was contended, on the other part, that the horses were accustomed to drink on their way by the ford, and that the bathing of their legs in the water refreshed them. These were held to be conveniences of travel, and were not surrendered by the building of the bridge—Youth's Companion.

A Cheap Shave.

"From your stories the other day about 'Lord Gull Murphy, of Boston,' and a young railroad man yesterday, 'none would suppose we had no men of nerve here in our own town, but I can tell you that we have—lots of them, too. One in particular I recall just now. He is employed in a Clark street railroad office, and about every other day he gets a half-hour off, takes a small package from his desk and walks up to Kinsey's. He goes down into the gentlemen's wash room, unrolls the small package and takes out a razor and a shaving brush. Removing his coat, vest, collar and necktie, he anoints his face with a creamy lather borrowed from a cask of Mr. Kinsey's soap and then carefully shaves himself. When through he employs one of Mr. Kinsey's towels, dons his outer garments, wraps up his tools and goes back to his office, where he takes out his expense account and gives himself credit for fifteen cents and room rent. Maybe you don't think it requires a heap of nerve to do that."—Chicago Herald.

Royalty on the Rail.

Among the curiosities of Queen Victoria's railway journeys are the time tables supplied to her majesty, these being printed in violet ink, on hand made paper with gilt edges. They contain the exact times of the stoppages at all points, and give other information of interest. The Prince of Wales has, perhaps, the finest railway coach in Europe. It contains seven rooms, a study with a library, a couple of bedrooms, a dressing room and a bathroom. The bedroom is most luxuriously furnished in old gold silk, being lighted by electricity, and the paneling is beautifully painted.—Detroit Free Press.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE of Nevada, in and for Washoe County: The State of Nevada sends to Hugh J. Mohan—GARR—

You are hereby required to appear in an action commenced against you as defendant by Louisa Mohan as plaintiff, in the District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the county of Washoe, and answer the complaint therein within ten days after the service on you of this summons, (exclusive of the day of service); if served in said county, or twenty days if served out of said county, but within said district, and in all other cases forty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint. The said action is brought to recover the judgment and decree of the Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between the parties hereto, and for a divorce (that plaintiff be awarded the care, custody and control of the minor children of the parties hereto, namely Barbara Mohan, Louise Mohan and Louise Mohan, and that the plaintiff have and recover her costs herein, with such other further and general relief as to equity and conscience belong upon the grounds, and for the reasons as set forth in said complaint; that the defendant has wilfully and without just cause deserted plaintiff on the 24 day of May, 1888, at Reno, Nevada, and has ever since wilfully deserted and abandoned and still does wilfully desert and abandon plaintiff, and that for more than a year last past and ever since April 7, 1888, defendant has neglected and still does neglect to provide for the common necessities of life, his failure and neglect was not the result of poverty on the part of defendant, which he could not have avoided by ordinary industry, all of which will more fully appear from the complaint which is on file in the office of the Clerk of said Court at Reno, in said county, and to which you are especially referred.

And you are further notified, that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, and if you fail to apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint, you will be held to be in default, and judgment will be taken against you accordingly.

In testimony whereof, I, J. J. Julien, Clerk of the District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for Washoe County, do hereby certify this 22nd day of May A. D. 1889.

J. J. JULIEN,
Clerk of the District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for Washoe County.

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Try the Tremont Hotel croquet grounds.
Go to the Tremont Hotel, chicken dinner Sunday.

The new N. & C. depot is nearly ready for the road.

All kinds of fine job work done in the Journal office.

Silver City will produce more fruit than last year.

O. Lonkey is now ready for business in his new store at Verdi.

Work of rebuilding the burnt district is progressing rather slowly.

A brass band has been organized in the antiquated village of Carson.

Wanted at the Tremont Hotel a number of good men for ranch work.

Charles Mack, the Comstock attorney, was in town Wednesday night.

The "largest gold nugget ever discovered" is being found regularly at Downieville about once a month.

The change of time on the Central Pacific will not alter the V. & T. time card.

The next session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows will be held in Reno in 1890.

Carson is following Reno's lead. Her young men are organizing an athletic club.

Mrs. Kate Davis, of Mount House, left yesterday morning for the lower country.

Remember the new time card of the Southern Pacific Railroad is now in operation.

The bullion product of the Hale & Norcross mine for May was valued at \$101,132.68.

The Reno Fourth of July Committee should have waited until next month before deciding to celebrate.

The U. S. District Court has adjourned until July 8th. Judge Sabin is spending his vacation at Rabun Springs.

All the ties used on the C. & O. railroad are picked in Mono lake water. It is said to make them much more lasting.

The Amateurs have challenged the Virginia baseball club to play a game for \$100 a side two weeks from next Sunday.

The Ormsby House, of Carson, is going to be reopened, and the new proprietor says he will restore it to its old-time glory.

Judge Young sent two drunks across the river yesterday, and two others were given a chance to make themselves scarce.

The owners of the Locust mine at Silver City, are said to have uncovered a four-foot ledge of gold ore assaying "away up in the hundreds."

Mrs. Simpson, of Virginia, passed through Wednesday evening on the way to San Francisco, where she goes to get treated for a broken leg.

Virginia citizens demand more light on their streets. City ones of other parts of the State would like to have more light on some Comstock mining transactions.

Thatcher, Primrose & West Millionaire Minstrels drew a packed house last night, the entertainment given by them was very good; the costumes worn being elegant.

Tuesday night at Candelaria, Thomas Edwards shot and killed Richard Grundy. Edwards had a preliminary examination and was discharged on the ground of self defense.

The Sierra Nevada hoisting works in Virginia are being painted red. Something is being painted that hue every day and night of the year on the wild and woolly Comstock.

The Overland Tea Company have opened their store in S. M. Jamison's old store room. Call on them, purchase a can of tea of coffee and see if you are not lucky enough to draw a fine prize. Every purchase draws something.

The Reno baseball club will give a dance at the City Hall next Thursday night. Hastings' brass band will furnish the music, and every arrangement to assure an enjoyable time to those who attend is being made. The boys need funds, and should be encouraged in their efforts to secure them by giving value received, instead of soliciting contributions, as is the usual custom with such organizations.

Death of Louis Walker.

Louis Walker, formerly of Reno, died in New York of heart disease on the 13th inst. Mr. Walker was a brother-in-law of General Hagerman and brother of the late W. A. Walker, formerly Sheriff of this county. He leaves a wife and several children.

To Water Consumers.

Persons using water will take notice that the water will be turned off from 1 to 6 o'clock this afternoon. Those taking water from Fifth street will be shut off for three days. Remember this and govern yourselves accordingly.

Fourth of July.

All interested in the Fourth of July are hereby notified to meet at Armory Hall tonight at 8 o'clock to make the necessary arrangements for celebrating. The committee have succeeded in raising money enough, and the celebration is a go.

The Modest Violet for Us.

Chicago Herald.

A New York paper favors the adoption of the violet as the national emblem, and certainly there is no flower that so perfectly represents the shrinking modesty of the American character. Let other nations choose the gaudy daisy, the proud peony, the quip and unobtrusive violet is the emblem for America.

RENO HIGH SCHOOL.

Graduating Essays of Kate H. Harrison and Nellie M. Harrison.

THE CLASS OF 1889.

Perhaps it will be of interest to our friends, who have gathered here to-day to listen to our parting exercises, to learn something of our history, and surely each member of the class, which now meets together as such for the last time, will be interested in listening to a record of its formation and progress.

For the last time we come together as a class of schoolmates, and this thought can not but be a sad one, for however we may meet in future it will never be as carefree, fun-loving school boys and girls; still there is a bond uniting us which can never be broken, a bond nearly like that joining brothers and sisters of the same family. We are of the same family though no tie of blood joins each to the other. Ties of kindred interest, kindred hopes and fears have animated us for years. Together we have worked and played, together we have hoped and feared; and although we shall work and play, hope and fear together no longer, still the ties so closely formed cannot be wholly broken while life lasts. And though we shall no longer go on together 'Step by Step' and hand in hand, we shall still feel a kindly loving interest in each other, and each feel the other, joys and sorrows as his own.

Our class was first organized in the Fall of 1881, being formed from two other classes, one of which had been under the tuition of Miss Frank Gibbs and the other under Miss Ellen Emery, and consisted at that time of forty-five scholars. Our grade was known as the Third Intermediate, and was under the supervision of the well known and ever popular teacher Mrs. E. J. Knowlton. We remained under her charge for four years, she being three times promoted with us during this period. Our work consisted of the common English branches, including drawing. Having made good progress in our studies, at the end of the four years, we reluctantly took leave of Mrs. Knowlton, feeling that to her we owed much of the good foundation we were assured we had obtained in our education.

In September, 1885, we entered upon the duties connected with the First-Year Grammar grade, our teacher this year being Mrs. M. S. Doten. In this grade we found that our work assumed a rather more difficult character, U. S. History and Physiology being substituted for those we had formerly used. Still with patient perseverance we plodded on, till the year was completed and we were once again promoted, this time to be the Junior Class of the High School. Here we sighted breakers ahead. The most formidable rocks and those on which we most feared stranding were Algebra and Philosophy. But no danger of stranding here. Our pilot, Miss Farmer, was a skillful one, and skilfully she steered us through the channels into the smooth waters of another closing day. We entered the Middle Grade in 1887, our class somewhat depleted, for some of our number had left at different times, and although it had been increased by the entrance of several new members it was not as large as at first.

Our work this year was nearly the same as that of the last, Book-keeping being the only new study taken up, and we were still under the direction of our tried and true guide, Miss Farmer.

Steadily progressing "Step by Step" we now came to the last year's work. This year under the tuition of Prof. Binn, our duties assumed an entirely new form, Civil Government, Zoology, Chemistry, English Literature and General History comprising our course of study, still however, before the year closed we met our old friends, the Common English branches in review.

When we first took up these new studies our hearts almost failed us, they seemed such a formidable array. But we were under the guidance of a teacher who never tired of helping us over the rough places, and smoothing away the difficulties that beset us. Feeling, too, that each day brought us nearer to the end, we worked with greater energy and will, until at last the course of time has brought us to our graduating day. Here, to the most of us, our school days end, though some will probably enter other institutions of learning, taking a higher course, perhaps, than that furnished by the public schools, but with none is our education complete. While life and our faculties remain with us, we should ever be scholars, ever be learning something to help us on our journey through life, striving so to improve that the world, our own immediate world at least, may be the better for our having lived in it. We have not yet reached the middle round in the ladder of life, let us therefore climb bravely on "Step by Step," until the highest possible is attained.

To-night we separate, we have kept our ranks better than the majority of classes; some, it is true, have left us since our first organization, and others have joined, leaving us now a class of twenty members. Although many of our original number have withdrawn from different causes, some to pursue their studies elsewhere, some to seek homes in other sections, and others finding employment in various occupations. Beginning thus early the struggle for a living, none have been withdrawn by the hand of death while still belonging to the class, and only one since leaving it, Harry Wilson, who met so tragic a death while in the discharge of his duties, by the railroad accident which occurred in April of this year and which still is fresh in the minds of all, was, for a number of years, one of us. His happy disposition and winning ways endeared him to all, and though in his short life he knew many troubles, we, his schoolmates, earnestly hope and believe that in that sunny land to which he was thus violently removed, he has found joys and compensations more than equal to any sorrows he may have known here.

Our history as a class is at an end. To some of us life will now begin in earnest,

with others it may delay a little, but the real duties for which we have been preparing through our childhood days must soon be met by all. For this end we have worked, some times diligently and with pains-taking, and at other times thinking no doubt far more of the good times we were enjoying than of our work.

To be always good, always thoughtful, and always studious is the nature of no human boy or girl, though such cases are sometimes met with—in books. We, like others, have striven to "Gather up the sandbeams as they lay about our path," and the future alone can decide whether our work has been well done or ill. Of this we all may be certain that our graduating day finds us with minds that have been treated as the skillful agriculturist treats his soil. The seeds of knowledge have been sown, and though some may have fallen by the wayside, and some on stony ground or among thorns, some surely have fallen on good ground, and will spring up and increase and bring forth fruit in due season.

A PROPHETIC PEER INTO THE FUTURE.

The gift of second-sight or clairvoyance, clear seeing, as it is called in these latter days, is the power of seeing into the future. It was supposed to be possessed in the highest degree by many of the ancient Scots and their descendants, and was long known as the Scotch gift of second sight. Some of the old-time seers claimed to be assisted in their divinations by an oval lump of glass, nearly egg-shaped, but flatter and thinner. The crystal depths of this magic glass had the power of presenting dissolving views, and thus revealing glimpses of the otherwise unknown future.

Sir Walter Scott, the novelist and poet, makes use of this idea, and attributes the possession of this faculty to many of his characters, though referring to the "peep-stone" only in notes attached to some of his works.

The old seer in Lochiel's Warning, written by the poet Campbell, refers to this power where he says:

"The evening of life gives me mystical views,
And coming events cast their shadows before me."

In our own State the widow of Saucy Bowers, a Scotch woman by birth, and well known all over the coast as the "Washoe Seeress," claims to be the proud possessor of this gift of second sight and its accompanying medium, the "peep-stone," by means of which she foretells the future, and thus obtains a scanty livelihood, the great wealth once at her command, having been swept away, and she, now in her old age, being widowed and childless, and without other means of support.

It may not be generally known, but I, too, am the fortunate possessor in the right of Scotch ancestry, of this ancient gift of second-sight, and also own a "peep-stone" by which I am able to forecast future events. But to my shame, I must own that I have never practiced this art until quite recently, and then under the following circumstances.

One night, not long since, as I was sitting by my table "consummating the midnight oil," conning my tasks for the next day, weary with toil, I stopped to lay aside my books, and seek rest. Before doing the latter, however, I sat for a time pondering dreamily and half-sadly, on the school life soon to be ended, and the many ties then formed soon to be broken. A wish, faint at first, but growing stronger, the longer I dwelt upon, to know something of what the future holds in store for us, brought to my mind, at last, the old "peep-stone" long hidden in a drawer. Impelled by curiosity I resolved to put its virtue to the test, so brought it from its hiding-place. Reaching myself, I polished the dull glass until its glittering surface, dull no longer, caught the rays reflected from the lamp light, and showed and sparkled like a brilliant diamond. Idly watching the bit of glass, wishing, more than half incredulously, that to me might be vouchsafed a peep into the future, I was much startled by observing a change pass over its face. Clouds seemed gathering in the centre, and soon clearing away, images, indistinct at first, but growing more and more distinct, the longer I gazed, made their appearance in the depths of the wonderful stone. Rubbing my eyes in astonishment, I watched it intently, and soon found these images bore the semblance of forms and faces, and scenes once familiar to me.

First scene of all, the streets of Reno—Reno, surely, but greatly changed and improved by the onward march of time, and the steady growth of ever-increasing prosperity. Many of the business signs, too, are new to me, but not new in one sense, as I can see they bear names of those once well known. How it is, I do not know, but something seems to tell me that not far from ten years have passed since our class of '89 bade their school adieu; and that the youth of that day have become the active men and women of the time of which I am permitted a glimpse.

The picture changes sufficiently to show the interior of a lawyer's office, opening from the main street of the town. Here, comfortably seated in an arm-chair, his feet at ease reclining on the table in front of him, I find Judge Edward C. Cune. Playing around his chair is a fox-hair-dressed three-year-old darling, bearing a strong resemblance to the Judge. Occasionally peeping in from another room, to assure herself of the little one's safety is another old friend once known as Grace Ward, but now the wife of Judge Cune; prosperous and happy can be seen at a glance.

The clouds again cover the surface of the magical stone, and clearing away disclose a well filled theatre, the audience being composed of the elite of a great city. On the stage I find the great attraction to be an actress, new to fame, but who has taken the theatrical world by storm, and who delights her audience by her spirited rendering of various parts, especially those of Shakespearean tragedy.

In this actress I recognize one who in former times pleased us with her acting in one of our school plays, and who even, then, gave promise of future excellence in this line, Gertrude McIntosh.

Another scene presents itself, this time

showing a flourishing dressmaker's establishment. Here, I find two more classmates, evidently as firm friends as in their more youthful days. Kate Harrison and Carrie McIntosh. Harrison and McIntosh no longer, however, but Daphny now, and Titina, as I perceive by the sign over the door. Here prosperity rules, customers are flocking in and out, and the newest styles and most elegant designs, give evidence of the refined taste and good judgment of the fair lady proprietress.

Once again the peep-stone is covered with a misty cloud which soon takes the form of an editor's sanctum. Here, seated on a high stool, pencil at rest over her ear, and shears in hand, I see Ida Mapes—a distracted look is on her brow, her eyes flash wildly, and through the open door, I see the "devil" of the office rush in, and know he loudly calls for "copy." From a paper on the desk, I see that Ida is editor and proprietress of the "Reno Evening Breeze," a journal devoted to the interests of Washoe county, and chiefly occupied in booming Reno, to which fact the steady growth and prosperity of the town are largely due.

The ever-shifting clouds now disclose an elegant parlor filled with finely dressed ladies and gentlemen. Here, leaning on the arm of a distinguished looking gentleman, I see May Wheeler. From her dress and from the attentions paid them, I conclude that this is her wedding reception. Just rising from the piano, where she has rendered the "Wedding March" in her usual brilliant style, is Myrtle Saben, surrounded as usual by a gallant crowd of admirers, but still heart-whole, and evidently thinking a life of single blessedness the best. A new scene now.

Even-time in the wards of a great hospital. In the children's department, passing in and fro among the rows of white-robed beds; something a pillow here, moving some little sufferer to an easier position, bathing an aching head, speaking kind and soothing words to all, everywhere diffusing some of her own patient spirit; greeted with smiles, even on the most anguished face, loved and blessed by all, I see one who is devoting her life to doing good to others, finding her reward in the affection of those for whom she is doing so much. A patient, faithful nurse—Gracie McIntosh.

Once more the scene changes, showing now a plainly furnished room. From the number of bird-cages hanging in the windows, and suspended from the ceiling; the many cats basking in the sunshine; and before the fire, and the pet dogs lazily stretched around, I conclude that I am being treated to a glimpse of that paradise known as "Old Maid's Hall." Seated around the table, enjoying a fragrant cup of tea, I see our old friends Lida Savage, Grace Cline and Clara Taylor, evidently in the happiest moods, and from various indications in the room I infer that they belong to that independent, self-supporting class known as strong-minded females.

Eagerly I watch the scene, wondering what will next present itself, when the cloud passing, show the halls of a legislative assembly chamber. Here, presiding over the deliberations of an august gathering, I find George Bates—plain George Bates no longer—but Governor Bates now, evidently wearing the dignities of his office well, and doing honor to those who have called him to fill this high position.

What a blessed picture of a peaceful home is now vouchsafed to me. Refined, and harmonious in all its surroundings; music, books, flowers, everywhere, and a lovely, cultured woman the presiding genius.

Ah! What do I see now? A busy, bustling city street, in which an excited crowd is gathered, the chief object of interest being a small boy cowering under the hand and the stern glance of an officer of the law. Disgusted though he is by a huge, bushy beard and fierce moustache, I recognize in the latter Dauchy—Jonathan Wild Dauchy, one of the greatest thief takers and detectives of the day—a his own estimation—but I seem as in a dream to hear a voice saying: "Zealous as he appears he was never known to ferret out any crime of more importance than robbing a hen roost or an orchard."

Again the clouds roll by once more showing a familiar form in the center of the scene. This is Jennie Laabman, but how changed. No longer the sedate, quiet Jennie of our school days, but now an earnest worker, an able lecturer in the cause of Woman's Rights. No champion so eloquent has arisen to plead for the down-trodden, oppressed woman since the days of Susan B. Anthony, and Lucy Stone. Blackwell. I fancy I can almost hear her inspired words ringing out through the clear air as she stands on the rostrum, aflame with righteous indignation, holding her audience spell-bound as she addresses them, pleading with them to right the wrongs of the weaker sex.

Now I see the interior of a great hardware store, and the smiling face of Harry Martin leaning over a counter in animated chat with a group of ladies. What ladies are doing in a hardware store I'm sure I don't know, but I suspect Harry, himself, is the chief attraction. I see at once from his lively manner, so free from care, that he is a jolly bachelor, fancy-free and as happy as happy can be.

And now the picture I see is a tall, dignified figure, spectacles on her nose, hair cropped closely to her head, a basket on her arm from which religious tracts are peeping, dressed in a peculiar costume, which I soon recognize as the garb of an Episcopalian Sister of Charity—Mamie Nowatney—and I recall to mind that even as a girl she showed her fitness for this class of work, being active in the Sunday School and Church.

A new scene presents itself, this time disclosing to my view the face and form of our favorite classmate, Charlie Coffin. Here he is, active and energetic as ever, marshaling the long line of girls as they file down Seminary hill into the streets of the town. His clerical garb and the dignified air with which he passes down the street, his eagle eye ever on the watch for stray flirtations, nipping them absolutely

clergyman, but also the principal of Bishop Whitaker's well-known School for Girls.

I pause now, half fearing to take another look into the peep-stone, well knowing that when I do my own future must be disclosed. At last gathering courage I glance half timidly into its magic depths and see myself revealed, presiding over a country school, ruler in hand, trying to bring order out of confusion. It is evidently my first day in this school and the scholars are trying titles with their new teacher. Mentally I see myself boarding around among the parents and thinking to myself, "Bless me, ain't this pleasant, teaching district school?"

No longer floats the misty cloud across the surface of the stone. Replacing it, I say aloud:
When thrice ten years and more are gone,
May fate have brought to all this class
No greater joy, and glad joy as true
As then I've seen so brightly pass
O'er this old peep-stone tried and true,
And faithfully have told to you.

DIAMONDS.

Watches and Diamonds Found in Teas and Coffee—A Novel Way of Introducing Goods.

The names of all persons finding diamonds, watches, etc., are added to this list daily. The Overland Tea Company have refitted the store formerly occupied by S. M. Jamison, and in order to introduce their goods, this company put for thirty days souvenirs in every can of tea and coffee sold, such as solid gold, silver and nickel watches, also genuine diamonds in solid gold setting; also money and many other articles of less value. Every can contains a souvenir. The coffee, can and contents weigh about three pounds; tea, cat and contents about one and one-half pounds. This expensive and novel way of advertising will be discontinued after thirty days, and these really choice goods will be sold strictly on their merits, but without the souvenir. Of course every purchaser must not expect to get a diamond or watch. This company claim that they have just as good a right to give away watches, diamonds or other jewelry as their competitors have to give away glassware, chromes, etc. Get up a club. Those who get up a club order most always get a handsome present. Orders by mail promptly forwarded to all parts of the United States on receipt of cash or postoffice order. Terms: Single cans, \$1; six for \$5; thirteen for \$10, and twenty-seven for \$30. Address, Overland Tea Company, Reno, Nevada.

S. W. Upson, solitary diamond ring; Harry Burton, \$5 in gold coin in tea; F. W. Hagerman, mailing clerk Postoffice, solid gold ring diamond setting; Ella Walling, hunting case gold watch in tea; Mrs. A. H. Barnes, silver sugar bowl; S. W. Peek, Supt. Electric Light works, silver sugar bowl; Mrs. Thos. Branton, silver sugar bowl; Amos Conkey, money in can; Roy Brown, money in can; Julia White, solid gold ring, diamond, ruby and sapphire setting; Mrs. John Frazier, silver sugar bowl; Henry Tully, silver five-bot-

tle canister.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, fainting, "all gone" feelings, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are the early symptoms of the more common

After Eating not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the symptoms of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, and what I did eat I could not get well of myself. It required careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the symptoms of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind."

Headache little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

George A. PAON, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

HODCKINSON, DRUGGIST.

Sponges, Chamoise Skins,

Toilet Soap,

Patent Medicines, and

Fine Cigars

Virginia Cigarettes

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE CREDITORS of and all persons having claims against the estate of Peter Frank, deceased, to present the same with proper vouchers to H. P. BROWN, Administrator of said estate, at his residence on 5th street in the Western Addition to the town of Reno, Nevada, within three months from the first publication of this notice.

Dated Reno, Nev., May 23, 1889.

H. P. BROWN, Administrator of the Estate of Peter Frank, deceased.

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PALACE DRY GOODS STORE.

PALACE

Dry Goods and Carpet House.

CARRIES THE

Largest Stock,
The Finest Goods
At The Lowest Prices.

HOT WEATHER ANNOUNCEMENT!

Sateens, Percales and Organdies so desirable at this season of the year are here displayed in every make and design.

KEEP COOL!

By wearing some of our Lovely Organdies, Pattern Suits, Handsome Challies, or Embroidered Scotch Zephyrs, Rich in Appearance, but so Reasonable in Price.

OUR PARASOLS.

Parasol Weather has come and finds us well equipped.

We Show

The Stylish "La Tosca,"

The Handsome "Picadilly,"

The Esquisite "Fall Mall,"

—And many other late designs.

Our 75-Cent Parasols Are Daisies.

PETTY PROFITS

In Dress Good, Silks and Pattern Suits. No such assortment anywhere else as we are showing in the above lines.

Have you noted the values and various patterns to select from and at such very low figures. Compare them, it pays.

A NEW YORK JOB.

50 dozen Ladies' Black Finished Hose at 12½ cents per pair.

30 dozen Ladies' Unbleached Balbriggan Hose at 75 cents a box—box containing half dozen pair.

25 dozen Misses' Black Lisle Thread Hose at 25c a pair.

Above goods are worth double the money.

Extra values in every department.

A full and complete line of Carpets, Linoleum, Wall Paper and Decorations, at prices far below the usual value.

Ladies be sure and take advantage of these sales.

Respectfully,

Palace Dry Goods and Carpet House.

JOHN BREUNER, SACRAMENTO.

O-HO! Furniture Headquarters. O-HO!

JOHN BREUNER,

604, 606, and 608 K Street.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

This Large Cane

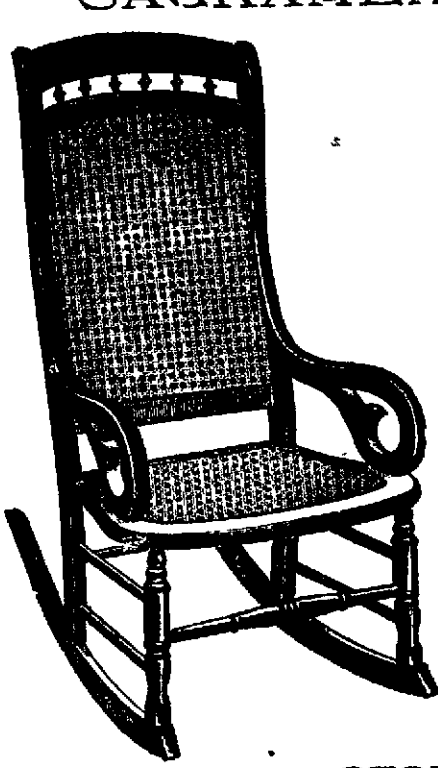
Seat and Back

Hardwood Rocker,

light or dark color,

Price, \$2.50.

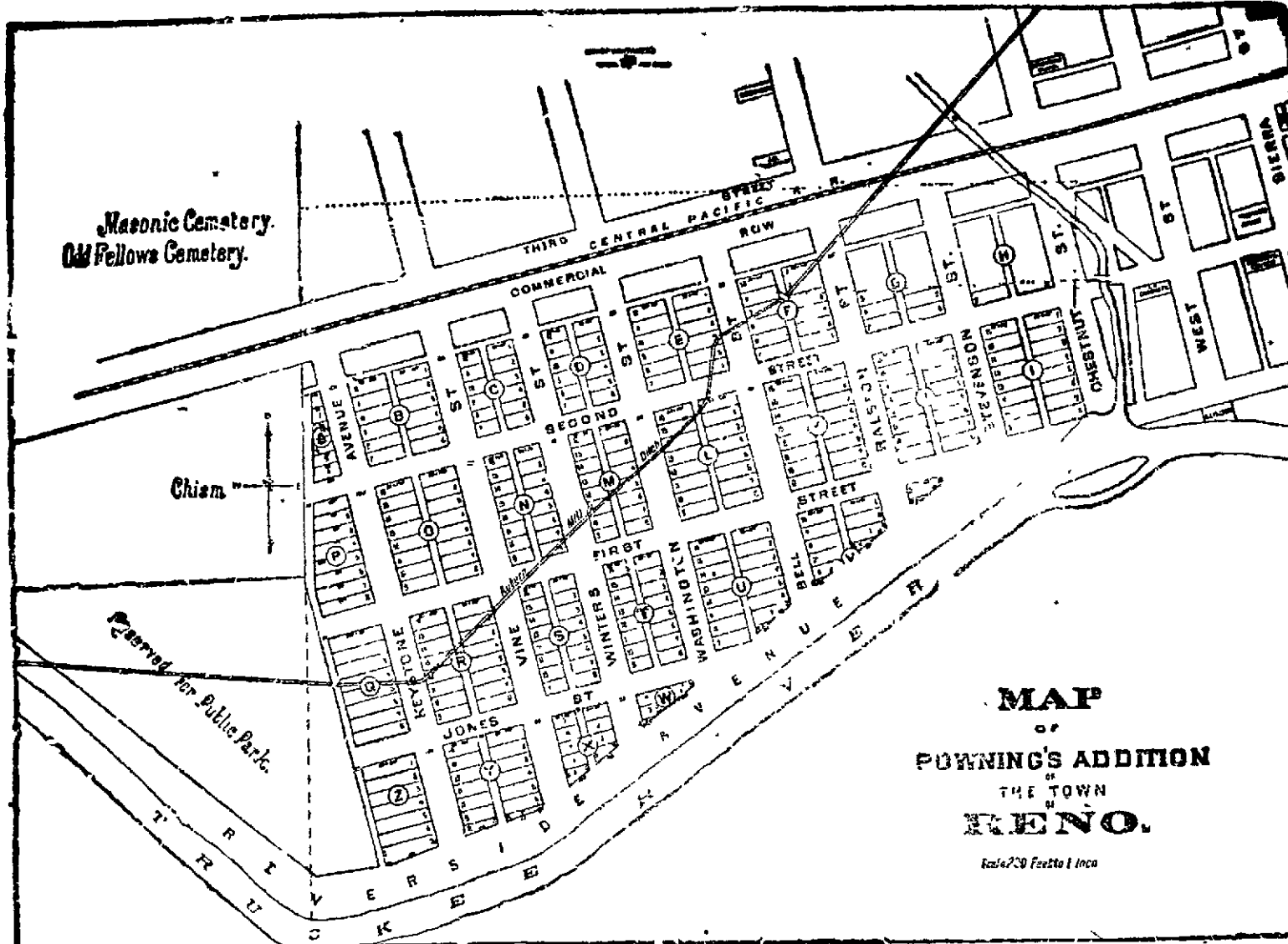
Send for Our Illustrated Catalogue. Mailed Free to Any Address.



FEW QUOTATIONS:

Fine Bedroom Suits 7 pieces.....price, \$18 00

Pine Beds, double or ½ size.....price, 4 00



• 250 Beautiful Lots For Sale!

A RARE CHANCE FOR AN INVESTMENT AND A HOME.

THE MOST LOVELY PORTION OF RENO.

Facing the Truckee—The Aristocratic Avenue—Riverside Driveway—Splendid Sewerage—Healthy Location and Safe From Fire.

The proprietor is now ready to receive proposals for lots in Powning's Addition. The map gives a good idea of the tract, which is situated between the Central Pacific Railroad and the Truckee River, and commences on the west at a point three blocks distant from Virginia Street, making it the most central and convenient of any portion of the rapidly growing town of Reno. Unlike any other part of the town this Addition faces the beautiful Truckee River and Riverside Avenue is certain to become the fashionable driveway of the country. The streets are 80 feet wide, while Riverside and Keastone Avenues are intended to be 100 feet in width. All alleys are 20 feet wide. The soil is a rich gravelly loam, and susceptible of the highest state of cultivation. Being situated as it is more safe from fire than any other section. The regular lots are 50x140 feet. The sewerage is perfect.

Before Buying Elsewhere Parties will do Well to Look at These Lots.

RENO

Reno's geographical position is excellent. It is on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, only 154 miles from Sacramento, and 244 miles from San Francisco. It is the terminus of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad running south, and of the Nevada and California Railroad running north. It has two Flouring Mills, Planing Mills, three Nurseries, a Soap Factory, Reduction Works, and other industries. A great Woolen Mill and a Sash, Door, Blind and Box Factory, are about to be established.

Reno has the Bank of Nevada with \$300,000 capital, and the First National Bank with \$200,000 capital. It has two fine papers in the DAILY and WEEKLY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL and the Daily and Weekly Gazette.

Reno is the natural home of the Alfalfa, and therefore the great cattle headquarters of the State. Here are fed the prime beef for the California market. Reno potatoes are the best in the world, and she also excels in Strawberries and the small fruits. Reno Wheat took the first prize at the great New Orleans Exposition.

The State Fair is always held at Reno.

Reno is the County Seat of Washoe County, the wealthiest county in Nevada.

RENO!

Has 5,000 Population and is Growing Rapidly.

The Loveliest Town

The Cleanest Town.

The Wealthiest Town!

The Healthiest Town!

RENO

Is Supported by the Richest

Farming Country of Nevada,

Northern California and South-

ern Oregon

RENO

Has no equal in Nevada or California for salubrity of climate, wealth of soil, diversity of products and stability. Situated in the very heart of the celebrated Truckee Meadows the future of Reno is assured. Reno is the City of Homes. There is not a house to rent in Reno. New buildings are occupied as fast as erected. Reno has advantages which no other town can equal. The climate is mild and genial in Winter, and even and healthful in Summer. There are no excessively heated or severely cold terms, and while the days may be warm in Summer the nights are deliciously cool; in Winter sleigh-riding is the exception and not the rule.

Facilities for irrigating surpass any in the State and there is no failure of crops. Reno has Churches of all denominations, Bishop Whitaker's School for Girls, Mt. St. Mary's Academy, the State University, and splendid Public Schools.

The Reno Water Co. furnishes ample pure, cold water for all purposes. The Reno Electric Light Co.'s electric light system, already well established, is being augmented. The Reno Gas Co. supplies gas for all purposes. The streets of Reno are lighted by electricity.

RENO!

Is the Railroad Center of Nevada.

RENO

Is the Educational Center of Nevada.

RENO

Is the Healthiest Town in Nevada

RENO

Is Great, and -Alfalfa is King!

The Safest Investment

IN THE STATE

RENO PROPERTY

Is the Cheapest on the Coast in comparison with that of other cities.

ANDREW BENSON,

PROPRIETOR OF
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RENO, NEVADA. First-Class Turnouts. Clean, comfortable and well provided for. Charges reasonable. Wagon and Carriage Hire. Also, a fine lot of horses and carriages for sale. W. L. THOMAS, N. 2.

I. O. O. F.

TRUCKEE LODGE, NO. 14, I. O. O. F. Independent Order of Odd Fellows, meet in their new hall, west side Sierra Street, near the Golden Eagle Hotel, Reno, Nevada, every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Punctual attendance of members is requested. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend. JOHN BOWMAN, Secretary.

STATE FAIR, 1889.

1889 THE STATE FAIR AT RENO, 1889

Of 1889, Will be Held

Commencing September 30th and Ending October 5th, 1889.

LIBERAL PREMIUMS

For Live Stock Department and Exhibits in Pavilion.

Trials of Speed to be Conducted Under the Auspices of the Directors of the State Agricultural Society.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY WAS ESTABLISHED IN ACCORDANCE with an Act of the Legislature of the State of Nevada, entitled "An Act to provide for the management and control of the State Agricultural Society of the State," approved March 7, 1885.

Members of the State Board of Agriculture:

C. C. POWNING, of Washoe County, ALVARO EVANS, of Washoe County, THEO. WINTERS, of Washoe County, W. S. BAILEY, of Churchill County, H. F. DANGBERG, of Douglas County, JOS. MARZEN, of Humboldt County, H. M. YERINGTON, of Ormsby County, L. J. FLINT, of Washoe County, P. B. MULCAHY, of Washoe County, T. B. RICEY, of Douglas County, W. O. H. MARTIN, of Washoe County, E. F. BOYLE, of Storey County.

Officers of the Society:

THEODORE WINTERS, President
C. H. STODDARD, Secretary
C. T. BENDER, Treasurer

For Speed Programme, Premium List and other information, address C. H. Stoddard, Secretary, Reno, Nevada.

THEO. WINTERS, President.

C. H. STODDARD, Secretary.

SPEED PROGRAMME:

Monday, September 30th.

Grand combination auction sale, beginning at 10 A. M., will be sold live stock of every description. Persons desiring to make sales will make entries with the Secretary, stating explicitly what they desire to sell. Five per cent commission will be charged on all sales. Entries close September 28th. For further information apply to the Secretary, at Reno.

No. 1-Trotting-220 class; purse \$1,200, \$750 to first, \$300 to second, \$150 to third.

Tuesday, October 1st.

No. 2-Running, Stake—Two-year-olds. Five-eighths of a mile, \$200 added, \$50 entrance, \$15 forfeit, second horse to save entrance.

No. 3 - Running—Three-year-olds and upward, maidens, if three years old, allowed 5 pounds, if four years old, 10 pounds, if five years old, 15 pounds. Seven-eighths of a mile, Purse \$200, \$50 to second.

No. 4-Running Stake—One and one-eighth miles and repeat, \$300 added, entrance \$50, forfeit \$15, second horse to save entrance.

Wednesday, October 2nd

No. 5-Trotting-220 class, purse \$1,000, \$500 to first, \$300 to second, \$100 to third.

No. 6-Pacing—Class 220, purse \$300, \$500 to first, \$200 to second, \$100 to third.

Thursday, October 3d

No. 7-Running Stake—Three-year-olds One and one-quarter miles, \$300 added, \$50 entrance, \$25 forfeit, second horse to save entrance.

No. 8-Running—Seven-eighths of a mile. Owners' handicap, weight not less than 50 pounds, purse \$150, second horse \$50.

No. 9-Selling Purse—One and one-eighth miles and repeat, purse \$200, of which \$50 to second and \$25 to third, for three-year-olds and upward, horses to be entered for \$1,000 to carry weights, two pounds allowed for each \$100 dollars down to \$1,000, then one pound for each \$100 less down to \$400. Selling price to be stated through entry box at 6 P. M., the day before the race.

Friday, October 4th

No. 10-Trotting-220 class, purse \$500, \$300 to first, \$200 to second, \$100 to third.

No. 11-Pacing—Free for All—Purse \$1,000, \$500 to first, \$300 to second, \$150 to third.

Saturday, October 5th.

No. 12-Running Stake—Two-year-olds, 1 mile, \$250 added, \$100 entrance, \$25 forfeit; second horse to save entrance.

No. 13-Running Stake—Three-year-olds; 1 1/4 miles; \$300 added, \$100 entrance, \$25 forfeit; second horse to save entrance.

No. 14-Trotting—Free for All—purse \$1,500, \$1,000 to first, \$300 to second, \$200 to third.

Trotting class, 235; Purse \$500; 250 to first, 150 to second, 100 to third.

Trotting-3 year-olds, Purse \$500; 250 to first, 150 to second, 100 to third.

These races to be trotted on days to be named hereafter.

REMARKS AND CONDITIONS:

Entries to running races and stakes must be made to the Secretary on or before August 15, 1889.

Those who have nominated in stakes must name the day before the race at 6 P. M.

Entries to all trotting and pacing races close Sept. 1st.

Five or more to enter, and three or more to start in all races for purses.

National Trotting Association Rules to govern trotting races. Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association Rules to govern running races.

All trotting and pacing races are the best three in five unless otherwise specified, five to enter and three to start. But the Board reserves the right to hold a less number than five to fill, by a withdrawal of a proportionate amount of the purse. Entrance fee, per cent on purse, to accompany nomination.

National Association rules to govern trotting, but the Board reserves the right to hold any day's racing, or to hold a special race between heats. A horse making a walk-over shall be entitled only to the entrance money paid in. When less than the required number of starters appear, they may contest for the entrance money, to be divided as follows: 66% to the first and 34% to the second.

No horse shall receive more than one premium. In all purses entries not declared out by 8 P. M. of the day preceding the race shall be required to start.

When there is more than one entry by one person, or in case of interest, the particular horse they are to start must be named by 6 P. M. of the day preceding the race. No added money paid for a walk-over.

Racing colors to be named in entry.

In trotting races drivers will be required to wear caps of distinct colors which must be named in their entries.

Each day's races will commence promptly at 1 o'clock P. M.

All entries must be directed to C. H. Stoddard, Reno, Nevada.

THEODORE WINTERS, President.
C. H. STODDARD, Secretary.

BURLINGTON EXCURSIONS.

BURLINGTON ROUTE EXCURSIONS.

VIA DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAIL-ROAD.

EXCURSIONS

Leave Reno every Wednesday and Saturday for all points East, via Salt Lake. Pullman Tourist Sleeping cars provided with Mattresses, Blankets, Sheets, Pillows, Curtains, Toilet Articles, etc., through to Chicago and St. Louis.

For full particulars and Descriptive Folder, call on or address, Agent, Burlington Route, 32 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Or Ticket Agent, Central Pacific R. R., Reno, Nev.

N. P. JAKES, PRACTICAL PLUMBER.

N. P. JAKES,

Corner of Second and Sierra Streets, RENO.

Practical Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter.

Dealer in Hardware, Stoves and Ranges. Manufacturer of Copper, Tin and Iron Ware.

Agent for Old's Hollow Steel Axle Farm Wagons.

Agent for McCormick's Mowers and Reapers.

Agent for the celebrated Patti Roads Carts.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Shoe in First National Bank Building, Reno, Nevada.

O. R. LEONARD, (ex-Chief Justice, Nevada) R. H. LINDSAY

LEONARD & LINDSAY,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW

RENO, NEVADA.

Will practice in all the Courts of Nevada and California.

Office:—In Sunderland's Building.

DR. M. A. GREENLAW,

DENTIST

Rooms over Tassell's Shoe Store, in Powning's New Brick, east side of Virginia Street. All work skillfully performed and satisfaction guaranteed.

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M. J. CURTIS,

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,

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Office:—Rooms 1 and 2 Sunderland's Block Virginia Street, Reno.

Residence:—Corner Chestnut and Second Streets, Powning's Addition.

E. C. MCLELLAN, C. E.

County U. S. Land and Mineral

SURVEYOR

GENERAL LAND AGENT. Mines laid out and surveyed for patent. Lands surveyed. Applications, Contracts, Payments on land, and all matters pertaining to taking up and holding land of the State or Government attended. Shall keep fully posted as to all lands taken and vacant in the Eastern part of the State.

Address, RENO, P. O. Box 8.

SUMMONS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE STATE

of Nevada, in and for the county of Washoe.

State of Nevada sends to Louis Alexander-Greene.

You are hereby required to appear in an action commenced against you as defendant, do George S. Smith as plaintiff, in the District Court of the State of Nevada, in and for the county of Washoe, and answer and plead within ten days after the service on you of this summons, (exclusive of the day of service), if served in said county, or twenty days if served out of said county, but within said District, and in all other cases forty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint. The said action is brought to recover the sum of fourteen hundred and twenty-seven dollars and seventy-seven cents, and the costs of said action, for two hundred and fifty dollars and interest thereon from April, A. D. 1888, and on an account for \$1,027.27, for hay and grain sold and delivered by said George S. Smith to said Lewis Alexander between April 11, 1887, and February 6, 1889, all of which will more fully appear from the complaint which is on file in the office of the Clerk of said Court at Reno, in said county, and to which you are especially referred.

And you are further notified, that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded.

In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 25th day of April, A. D. 1889.

CLARKE & JONES,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

EVERYBODY!

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Patent

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West Side of South Virginia Street,

NEXT DOOR TO COURT-HOUSE.

THIS DESIRABLE PROPERTY CONSISTS OF

3 1/2 lots 20x124 feet, beautifully laid out, containing drives, a beautiful lawn, lovely shade and evergreen trees, and a great variety of shrubbery, fine orchard and fruit. Sixteen years of toil and generous expenditure have made this the most delightful spot in Reno. A three-inch water right goes with the place which is also supplied with city water. Terms reasonable. Inquire at room seven, National Bank building.

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